—TO ELIZABETH H. USSHER—
From Her Father BISHOP B.B.USSHER

Dear flag of our country, whose stars and whose bars
Call all her sons to defend her;
God help us be true to the red, white and blue,
Her principles never surrender.

OUR NATION

Song

Words by

BISHOP B. B. USSHER

Music by

MABEL TAIT ELLIOTT

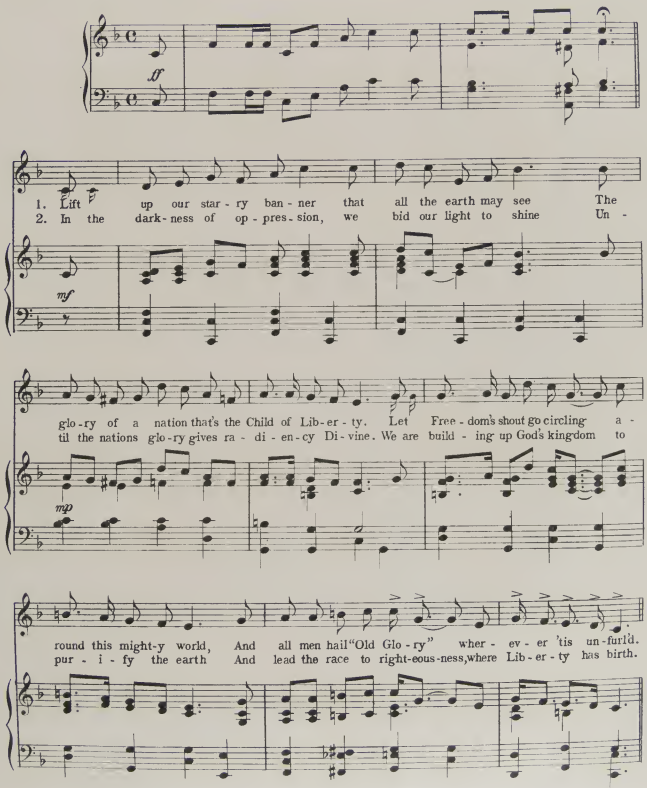
Proceeds of this song are to be devoted to needs of the Armenian, British Imperial Relief and American Red Cross.

CHARLES W. HOMEYER & CO.
332 Boylston St.,
·BOSTON·

OUR NATION

Words by Rt. Rev. B. B. USSHER

Music by MABEL TAIT ELLIOTT


f
1. Lift up our star - ry ban - ner that all the earth may see The
2. In the dark - ness of op - pres - sion, we bid our light to shine Un -
mf
glo - ry of a nation that's the Child of Lib - er - ty. Let Free - dom's shout go circling a -
til the nations glo - ry gives ra - di - en - cy Di - vine. We are build - ing up God's kingdom to
mp
round this might - y world, And all men hail "Old Glo - ry" wher - ev - er 'tis un - furl'd.
pur - i - fy the earth And lead the race to right - eous - ness, where Lib - er - ty has birth.

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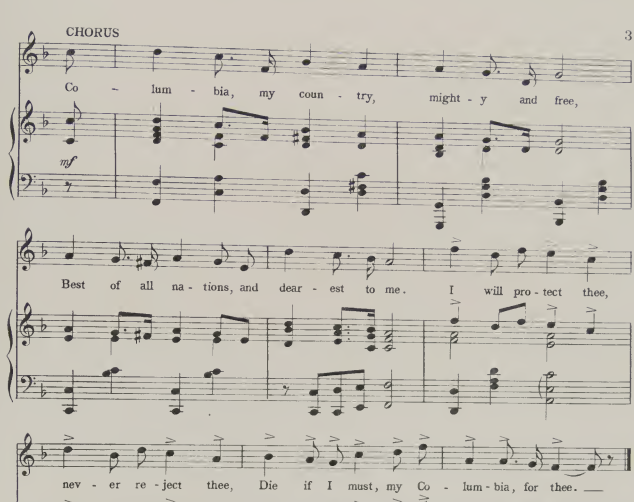
CHORUS
Co - lum - bia, my coun - try, might - y and free,
mf
Best of all na - tions, and dear - est to me. I will pro - tect thee,
nev - er re - ject thee, Die if I must, my Co - lum - bia, for thee.

3. We will work for peace with honor, but we'll keep prepared for war,
And let the world discover just what our maxims are.
Our last resort is battle, and then, if fight we must,
We will win in every conflict, because our cause is just.

4. For God and right this Union of eight and forty states
Will meet the dastard foeman that would dare invade our gates.
They are open wide for freemen whose purposes are true,
While they live to shield the honor of the old Red, White and Blue.

5. We have grains and fruits in plenty and acres stretching wide
And riches that are rising like a rushing welcome tide.
We are in the van of progress, and our flag is high in air,
So for God and home and country, we are bound to keep it there.

6. God bless this home of Progress and guide its ways aright
Until the day of freedom has chased away the night,
And with our common Father, dear brothers let it be,
Our battle cry of Freedom, for God and Liberty.